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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ROBIN'S LAY.

BY E. C. JONES, ESQ.

'Twas a lovely morn in May,
The clouds were tinged with gold;
And Nature's green array
Tale of gladness told;
The zephyrs of the south,
Came playing round the brow;

[illegible]

THE PASTOR'S DEATH BED.

A Sketch of German Life.

FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

[illegible]

Every thing good lies in friendly neighborhood around him, while other professions build a hard crust, or weave a dark veil between human hearts, and that which human hearts ought to reverence.

Son and father lived day by day, so to speak, deeper and more deep into one another's existence; and, instead of the relation of paternal love and filial duty, (with which a certain distance is often connected,) a friendship of a peculiar kind was developed; for not only with the regeneration of his own poetic youth did the presence of the son refresh him, but with the yet more lovely likeness of his own faith. There was a time known to us all, when an old clergyman who sent his son to study theology in the Universities, could expect him to come back nothing less than the Iconoclast and heaven-stormer of all that his paternal altar had taught him to hold in reverence. The son came from his studies as an apostle of the heathens, or rather an antichrist, into his father's house.* There were griefs of fathers in those days, deeper doubtless, though more concealed, than even those of the mother. Now it is here and there a little better. Gottfried, though he had gone to the public schools not uninfected by that common wanton spirit of free-thinking which is a sort of spiritual wild-oats of the soul, had come back to his home with the faith of his father, and his father's fathers, in his bosom; for the religious feelings of his nature had been kindly fanned by those better teachers who seek to preserve our spiritual vitality from the clearing, crystalising influence of those who call themselves the *illuminati*—well knowing that human hearts, like plants, should only shew their leaves to the sun, and that he who uncovers the root is a fool.

Thus did the fond old father find again his Christian heart, in the breast of his son, beating with new pulsations; and with this he also found the justification at *once* of his own faith, and of his own love. If it is one of the greatest of woes to be obliged both to love and to contradict, and to turn away the head when the heart comes near, it is also one of the greatest blessings to see our own and our father's faith propagated, untroubled, through another generation. Life, then, is as a beautiful starry night, when no well known light goes down without another equally welcome to supply its place.

Gottfried lived in a paradise; and his only business was to work as gardener for his father, and be to him wife, brother, friend, and all that one mortal can be to another.

Every Sunday brought him a new joy, and that was a new sermon to preach before his father. So much did this circumstance exert all his capabilities, and call forth his sleeping poetical powers, that he seemed to preach more for the purpose of moving and elevating his father's soul than for the edification of the common people; although he was not certainly in the wrong when he imagined that the members of a congregation, like children, are the better of being taught somewhat above their understanding; for we learn to climb only by looking at the heights that we have not yet climbed. Then a tear would glisten in the eye of the old man, or he would join his hands suddenly, as to an unpremeditated prayer. This would make the whole Sunday a Feast of Ascension to Gottfried; and, in the silent, secluded parsonage, many scenes of joy were thus enacted, which no person saw, and many, though they had seen, would not have understood. He who looks upon all sermons necessarily (what, it must be confessed, too many of them are) as a dull, stale thing, will scarcely sympathise with the earnestness with which father and son were wont to speak over both the sermon that was, and the sermon that was to be, as if the criticism of a sermon had been a matter of as much importance as the criticism of a play.† The love and the approbation of such a strong, healthy old man as Hartmann—whose limbs, though standing on the cold height of years, were not stiff—must have worked wonderfully on a youth like Gottfried, who, being both bodily and spiritually of a more delicate and slim fabric, shot up with a higher and more excitable flame heavenward.

To this happy pair a third happy person was associated. Justa, an orphan, mistress of her own fortune and her own conduct, had sold her father's (a rich old merchant) magnificent house in the city, and lodged herself in the upper flat of one of the prettiest cottages in the neighborhood, that she might enjoy the country—not half, as city gentry generally do, but wholly. Justa, indeed, was a person who, whatever she did, did it *wholly*; and some things she did more than wholly—that is to say, when there was any room for magnanimity and generosity, she was apt to overshoot the mark. The first thing that she did in the village of Heim, after she had seen the mild Gottfried and his gentle poet's eyes, and heard four or five Easter homilies from him, was to surrender up to him her virtue-intoxicated heart, without further ceremony; reserving, however, her hand till the bond of their union could be sealed along with the bond of public peace in Europe. Justa was a person who, on all occasions, preferred what was difficult to what was easy. I wish this were the place to make a picture of the May-life that bloomed here under Justa's hands, in the humble parsonage beneath the humble church spire; the mornings when she left her own abode to arrange the course of every happy day in the parsonage; the evenings in the manse garden, that had not only twelve beds in it, but also a number of well-watered meads around it, not to speak of the far hills and the stars; the playing of three hearts into one another, of which none, in such a pure, secluded neighborhood, could know or feel any thing but what was most beautiful, and every one of which possessed goodness and cheerfulness as a daily atmosphere. Every seat in that house was a church seat, everything was spiritual, and the heaven itself was to them only one great cupola of a temple.

Doubtless, in many such humble homes, in many such humble villages, which the great ones of the earth never heard of, there lies concealed a true Eden; for joy is always wont to cover over with modest leaves her most delicate blossoms. Gottfried lived in such a poetic fulness of joy and love—of the reverend and the beautiful—of the past, the present, and the future—that he felt secretly afraid to express his joy otherwise than by prayer. Only in prayer, thought he, may a man give expression to every thing—his happiness and his misery. Truly the father enjoyed a warm old age; not a winter evening, but a summer evening, without darkness and frost, although the sun of his life had long been sinking behind the hill of the grave beneath which he had, some years ago, laid his wife.

There is nothing which in noble minds has such a tendency to raise up the idea of the last hours of life, as those very hours of our existence which are most lovely and most happy. When all the blossoms of joy were blooming together most brightly, and intermingling their fragrances in a union of bliss that happens to mortal man but once, if once, through the long seventy years of his pilgrimage—exactly in the dewy morning of life, and beneath the morning star—Gottfried was compelled to think that the same star must soon shine as the evening star. Then he said to himself—"Every thing now stands so clear and so firm before me—the beauty and the blessedness of life—the splendor of the universe—the Creator—the worth and the greatness of the heart—the constellations of eternal truths—the whole starry heaven of ideas that beams on men, and attracts them, and sustains them. But when old age shall overtake me, and I shall lie in the feebleness of dissolution, will not, then, all things appear in a different light!—will not that which is now so full of luxuriant vitality, become cold, and grey, and stiff to my perception? For precisely in that moment when man is nearest to the heavens, toward which he has all his life been looking, Death holds his inverted telescope before our eyes, and we see nothing but a wide blank. But is this right and true? Do my blooming or my fading energies lay hold of reality more strongly and more truly? Shall I be more in the right then, when I only live, and think, and hope, and have a life; or am I more in the right now, when my whole heart is warm, my whole head clear, and all my faculties fresh? I feel that I am a more just reasoner now when my soul and body are in perfect health. Therefore I will live through this glorious day-time of truth, not carelessly, but with attention; and what I now see of the glory of existence, I will carry with me as a bright reminiscence, to illumine the dark lowering of my latter end." In the loveliest May-hours of life, when Heaven, and earth, and his breast beat together in a perfect concord of joy, Gottfried gave his fiery feelings fiery words, and a permanent existence, under this title, "*Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life, for the Last.*" With these echoes of blessed hours, it was his intention to refresh his own ears on his death-bed, and to look from the evening red of existence back into the redness of morning.

Thus lived these three mortals, enjoying one another, and one another's happiness, always more and more inly, when, at length, the battle and the victor-cars of the Holy War* began to roll over the earth. At this signal, Gottfried became all at once, a changed man. He was like a young bird of passage migrating for the first time, and following the train of his fellows in search of some change of climate, which he instinctively seeks after, but does not know. The active powers of his nature, that had hitherto sat as listeners to the poetico-rhetorical, rose up, and he felt as if the flames of enthusiasm—formerly, like the flames from a bed of naptha, flickering aimless through the empty air—were now seeking some definite object to lay hold of. But he had not courage, at first, to declare his intention to his father; he only anguished and refreshed alternately his spirit, with the idea of going forth with the army of patriots, and doing the duty of a man. To Justa, however, he opened his heart, but from her he obtained no approval; for to leave the old man upon the brink of the grave in solitude, seemed too harsh. But the old man himself, who felt the enthusiasm of the war almost as much as his son, of his own accord gave him permission. "Go, my Gottfried," said he, "where you have long wished to be, and where Germany expects all her sons to go. For a year I have strength enough to serve the altar, and thus I too am doing something for Fatherland."

Gottfried flew away in full reliance on the healthy old harvest of his father's life. He became a common soldier, and acted as chaplain too, when occasion served. A new career renews all our activities, and every one marks his entrance into it with a surer step. This Gottfried felt; and, though fate refused him the wound that he would fain have brought with him from the wars as a sort of focus, wherein to collect all the warm rays of those days of enthusiasm, yet he too had fought in the great battles of the time, and like an old republican, he knew the joy of striking nobly with a whole people for a common end.

When at length the loveliest May that ever Germany won with victories, was celebrated with feasts of peace and triumph, the young man did not feel inclined to celebrate these days of joy at a distance from those most dear to him, but he wished to double his joy by their presence. He journeyed to them. Many there were, before and after him, who made this journey through liberated lands out of a happy past into a happy present; but few saw, like Gottfried, such a blue heaven rest upon his native vales, in which also no old star was wanting, but every one shone brightly. Justa had sent him, from time to time, the small news of the parsonage, how she longed for his return, and how his father was working cheerily, and with what unction the old man preached twice every Sunday, and so forth; and how she herself was keeping yet more lovely secrets for his return; one of which secrets, perhaps, was one that he certainly had not forgotten—viz. her promise, that, after the peace, he should have her hand.

From the feast of Whitsuntide onward, Gottfried had been feasting himself with these prospects, and he saw already before him the holy evening, when he should enter Heim, release the old man unexpectedly from his labors, and prepare days of peaceful festivity for himself.

As he thus painted to himself his meeting with his loved one, and the mountains of his native village stood clearly and more clearly outlined, his "Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life, for the Last," began again to echo through his soul; and he could not restrain himself, among these reminiscences, from noting down the meeting of dear friends in this life, after long separation.

Behind him journeyed from the east, and followed him in his way, a dark cloud, with water more pregnant than with fire. The thunders of earth in the late campaign, had reconciled his heart to the milder manifestations of heavenly wrath, and he seemed to walk before that cloud, as a well-omened messenger; for the thirsty earth, the drooping flowers, and the sickly yellowness of the corn, had long panted for the warm blessings of the clouds. A parishioner from Heim, who was ploughing in a distant field, gave a sign to Gottfried, joyful that he and the rain were coming together.

The little spire of the church now began, as it were, to grow out of the earth, and he came into the region of the valley, where the parsonage lay, on which the redness of the evening sun was clearly shining. In every window he hoped to see his bride watching the sun's going down in glory, before the outbursting of the storm. As he came nearer, he hoped to find every window open, with Whitsuntide birches peeping out from the room—but he found nothing.

At length he arrived at the parsonage—all was silent—and he opened the familiar door. The room was empty, but he heard a noise in the upper chamber. He ascended, and when he opened the door, he saw Justa kneeling at the bed of his father, who was sitting half upright, with an emaciated but strong, bony face, in the light of the evening sun, that strongly lit up the paleness of death that was on him. Justa fell upon his neck, and this, with an exclamation of thankfulness to God, was the whole reception. But his father stretched out to him his dry, yellow hand, and said, with exhaustion—"You come just at the proper time"—leaving it undetermined, to Gottfried's understanding whether he meant in time to preach for him, or in time to see him die.

Justa told Gottfried, in a few words, how the old man, worn out with too sedulous an attention to his pastoral duties, had suddenly sunk into a state of extreme weakness both of mind and body; how he had now ceased to take interest in any thing, and yet was continually longing for sympathy, and was altogether as a helpless child, lying with clipped wings, on the ground, and praying some one to help him. The old man was somewhat deaf, and Justa could tell all this without being heard.

Gottfried soon learned that all this was too true. He had come back with the reflection of the warfire in his breast, and nothing would have been dearer to him than to have been able to bring the blazing signals of victory before the enthusiastic gaze of his old father; but the heart, once so strong, was now weak; and from the man who lately sympathised with all the warmth of the young warrior, not a question came, not a wish. The old man kept his eye fixed on the descending sun, till the storm had completely overflooded it. He seemed as little moved by the war in heaven, as by the war on earth; and through the thickening ice of death, the light of life shone more and more turbid. The dying man knows no present—past and future alone are before him.

Latterly, darkness covered the sky; not a breath of air moved, and the oppressed earth waited impatiently for the issue. The lightning had shot round the old man, and he looked up from the shock, changed and surprised—"I hear," said he, "the rain again—speak to me, children, for I must soon be gone."

Perhaps the shaking of the air and the thunder had opened the oppressed avenues of sensibility; and yet, more probably, the lightning, passing near him, had turned round his whole being like the poles of a magnet, and brought his body nearer to dissolution and his spirit nearer to perfection. Both the children embraced him—he was too weak to embrace them.

The warm medicinal waters of the clouds, were now bathing the sick earth, from the streaming tree to the smallest grass; the heavens began to shine through the storm, like a tear of joy, and only on the far hills did the thunder continue to war. Suddenly the old man rose, and, with his hand pointing upward, said—"Behold the glory of God! Ah! my son, feed my weary soul now, for the last time, with some spiritual consolation. But give me no litany of penances; I have made my peace with God. Tell me something full of love of the Almighty and his works, as in your Easter sermons."

The tears began to flow in the eyes of the son; for these words brought the thought into his mind, that the "Reminiscences" which he had written down for his own death-bed, might be read at the death-bed of his father. He explained this to the old man; and he said—"Do this, my son;" and the son began, with trembling voice—

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: that the splendor of the universe once filled thy bosom, and that thou hast known how great a thing it is to be. Hast thou not looked by night upon the one-half of infinity—the starry heaven; and by day hast thou not contemplated the other half? Put out of thy view the nothingness of space, and the earth that blinds thy prospect, and thou art surrounded, as a centre, by worlds above thee, under thee, and around thee—a vault of unmeasured creation—all moving and being moved—glory in glory—grandeur thronging on grandeur—all suns poising themselves around thee, toward one universal sun. Turn thee where thou wilt, thou seest no end, no exit into empty and dark space. Emptiness dwells only between the worlds, not around the world.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how many times there have been that thou hast prayed in ecstacy before God, and hast thought Him—the greatest thought of a finite being—the Infinite."

The old man folded his hands and prayed silently.

"Hast thou not acknowledged and felt the Being, whose infinitude consists not only in might, and wisdom, and eternity, but in love also and justice? Canst thou forget the times when the blue heaven by day, and the blue heaven by night, opened themselves to thee as the blue eyes with which a kind father looked down upon thee? Hast thou not felt the love of the Infinite One, when it concealed itself within its own reflection—in human hearts that loved? as the sun casts her shining day, not only on our moon for the benefit of our nights, but on the farthest starlets that wander in the neighborhood of the earth.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how, in the spring of thy life, the graves of the dead appeared to thee only as the mountain-peaks of a distant new world; and how thou then, in the midst of the fulness of life, could recognise the value of death. Old age freezes us; but there is a vital heat within the snow-hill, that warms us into a new existence. As a sailor voyaging through a cold, desert, wintry sea, suddenly comes upon a coast that is blooming in all the warmth and fulness of spring, thus also we land, by a single impulse of our ship, upon an eternal spring, which makes ample amends for our wintry voyage.

"Rejoice thyself in the dark hour of death, that thy life lives in the great wide life of the universe. This clod of earth, which we call our Earth, is inspired with the breath of Divinity. The world swarms with life, and every leaf of every tree is a land of souls. Every little individual life would freeze into nothing, where it not supported and warmed by waves of circumambient vitality. The sea of time, like our seas of space, is phosphorescent with innumerable living beings; and death and life are only the fire-valleys and fire-mountains of the eternal billowy ocean of things that are. There is no such thing as a skeleton of the dead: what we call so is only another body for the living. Without universal vitality, there were nothing but a wide, infinite death. We are mosses and lichens that cleave to the high Alps of Nature, and suck nourishment from the clouds. Man is a butterfly that flutters over Chimborazo, and high above us flutters the condor; but, small or great, giant or child, we all wander free, through all the storms and battles of centuries, back to Paradise, where its ancestors sported in the sunbeams of the evening sun that shone upon the four rivers. Never forget the thought that now spreads itself out so clearly before thee—that the I* of the soul endures through the most distracting griefs, and the most glowing ecstacies of mind, while the body breaks down by corporal suffering and excitement. Souls are like the wandering lights of a dark, starry night, that move about unextinguished by the buffeting of the wind or by the drenching of the rain.

"Canst thou forget, in the dark hour of death, that great men have been in the world, and that thou followest where they have gone before! Lift thyself up to the element of those pure spirits that stood upon their own mountains, and felt the storms of life around them, but never above them. Call back to thy recollection the succession of sages and poets who have animated people after people, and spread a light upon dark places."

"Speak of our Saviour," said the father.

"Think upon Jesus Christ in the dark hour of death; for he, too, felt the darkness of that hour. Think upon Jesus Christ, that mild Moon of the infinite Sun for human nights. Let life and death be holy to thee; for Jesus shared them both in his humanity. May He look down upon thee, gentle through dignity; and, amid the darkness of the last hour, shew to thee his Father!"

A soft thunder rolled over the light, loose clouds of the dispersing tempest, and the evening sun broke through, and filled the clouds with a more beautiful fire.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how the heart of man can love. Canst thou forget the love wherewith one heart can compensate the hearts of millions, and one soul can through a whole life nourish itself on another; as the oak of a hundred years keeps hold of the same rock with its roots, and out of its hidden waters sucks up the new energies and the new blossoms of a hundred springs."

"Meanest thou me also?" said the father.

"Thou and my mother also," said the son.

Justa wept; for she felt that her beloved had treasured up the hours of her love for the thoughts of his death-bed rejoicing; and the father said softly, thinking on his wife—"To meet again, to meet again!"

"Then think upon this," continued he, "in thy last hours: how many hours of undying enjoyment thou canst number; how many immortal days when life was beautiful and great; when thou didst weep blessed tears in spring-time; when thou liftedst up thy soul in prayer, and God appeared unto thee; when thou didst find the first and the last hand of love in one:—think upon this, and shut thine eyes in peace."

Suddenly, the collected mass of storm split into two high black mountains, and the deep sun shone forth between them as out of a valley between two steep walls of rock, and looked upon the earth again with a loving, motherly eye,† glittering with joy.

"What lightnings!" said the old man.

"It is the evening sun, my father."

"Yes, I will see her again, and this very day!" continued the dying man; but he meant his dear wife, who had been long asleep.

The son was now so moved that he was no longer able to read to his father the blessedness of meeting again upon earth, which he had this morning felt and written, and to describe how the first sight of the beloved object loses itself in an undefined futurity, while the sight of the same object, after long absence, binds the blossoms of the future and the fruits of the past into one nosegay. How could Gottfried have undertaken to paint the happiness of an earthly meeting to one who already began to catch the far rays of the heavenly one!

Gottfried asked—"How art thou father!"

"I think upon that in the last hour—yes, on this and on that; and death, also is beautiful, and our falling asleep in Christ," murmured the old man to himself, and took hold of Gottfried's hand, but without squeezing it; for it was only the common flake-gathering of the dying. Yet still he imagined that he heard his son speaking; and said, always more transfigured and more entranced—"O thou, my all-good Creator!"

The accessory suns of life were now all extinguished, and only the great Sun itself stood in his soul—God!

Suddenly he lifted himself up, and stretched out his arms, and said—"There stand the three beautiful rainbows over the evening sun. I must follow the sun, and where it goes, I must go also."

With this, he sank back, and all was over. At this moment, the evening sun set; and, as it set, its glory was reflected in a wide rainbow in the east.

"He has left us," said Gottfried, with a choked voice. "He has gone over to his God, amid great and pure joys—weep not for him, Justa."

But, as he said this, the long-restrained tears burst out from his eyes, and he pressed the hands of the dead man to his hot eyelids. The sky darkened; and a warm rain dropped softly upon the ground. Gottfried and Justa left the chamber of the dead, and went quietly after the sun of their life, that out of the stormy clouds of life had now withdrawn itself with cheering splendor into the glory of a new day.

* This is a touching allusion to the consequence of the Neological or Deistical doctrines so prevalent in the German Church during the latter half of the last century. From the passage which immediately follows, it appears that the present piece must have been written about the year 1816, for it was about this time that the reaction in favor of revealed religion commenced. The Liberation War mentioned in the sequel, had a great effect in this revival of devotional feeling.

† This is true German. In Scotland, where churches are better attended than theatres, this sarcastic remark could never have been made.

* The Liberation War in 1813.

* The Ich or Ego, a common expression in German authors for what we commonly call the mind, as distinguished from matter. It is a pregnant phrase; and includes in one single letter the whole philosophy of consciousness, and the whole refutation of materialism. Metaphysical language is part of the current coin of German literature, and we see it with pleasure. Style marks the mind of a nation as of a man.

† In German, the sun is feminine. An English writer would scarcely speak of the sun's motherly eye.

A BORROWED FACE.—An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the Paymaster of the Forces for his arrears, the Treasurer seeing him of jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. "For heaven's sake, my Lord," said the officer, "do not mistake—the visage that you see is not mine but my landlady's, she has fed me upon credit above twelve months."

THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE;

OR, THE PACHA PERPLEXED.

The thunders of Achmet Pacha's artillery ceased to shake the towers of Temeswar, which the rebel Suli Bey had long held out against the Porte. The fortune of the day had been decided by the fall of a part of the fortifications; and the young and fiery general of the Sultan's troops, bearing down all opposition, made himself master of the fortress, and pursued Suli Bey into his harem, whither in despair he had taken refuge.

The helpless and affrighted females crowded round their master with loud cries for protection, when they saw the hitherto inviolate portals of their apartments burst open by the fierce Achmet. The wretched Suli Bey, prostrating himself on the ground, buried his face in his garments and awaited his fate in silence.

Achmet, whose first intention had been to plant his foot on his body and strike off his head, felt his arm arrested, in spite of himself, by the glance of a dark-eyed slave. The silent language in which the emotions of the soul are conveyed, is understood by all, and Achmet read in the eyes of Camilla such horror and detestation of the deed he was about to perform, that although he would not own to himself that her opinion was of the slightest importance, he suffered that look to change his purpose; and, instead of becoming himself the executioner of Suli Bey, he beckoned his mutes to perform his will upon him.

The awful silence that followed this transaction was succeeded by the frantic outcries of the ladies of the harem, who, full of terror for their own safety, hastened to implore the mercy of their new lord. Achmet condescended to return his scymitar to its sheath, and assure them of their security. No sooner did they perceive his gracious demeanor than they began to address him with the most high flown terms of flattery, and each strove by every possible wile to attract his attention.

Achmet could not help being struck by the contrast Camilla presented, who stood proudly aloof with two of her countrywomen. The haughty conqueror felt mortified that the fair Castilian did not join in the homage paid him by the other ladies, whom, by the superior richness of their dresses, he perceived had been considered as her superiors, in the estimation of Suli Bey.

"Slave," said he, approaching her, "wherefore is it that you have not joined with your companions in paying your duty to me?"

"Because I owe you none," answered Camilla.

"Dare you thus reply to the conqueror of Temeswar! Do you not know that your very existence is in my hands?"

"I am aware of it," replied Camilla, raising a pair of radiant dark eyes to his face.

"Then why do you not fall at my feet and ask your life?"

"It is not worth the trouble."

"You are a daughter of Frangistan, as I perceive by your rebellious spirit?"

"I am."

"And a Christian?"

Camilla made the sign of the cross. Achmet spit on the ground.

"It must be confessed," said Camilla, reddening indignantly, "that you Turks are the most disgusting people under the sun."

"Slave!" cried Achmet, "if your anger did not become you so well, I would command my black eunuch Puffim to chastise you for your insolence."

"And even if you were to commit such an outrage, I could hardly think worse of you than I do at present," returned Camilla, bursting into tears.

"What is it that you think of me?" asked the Pacha.

"That you are an unmanly ruffian, whom I hate, but do not fear!" replied the fair Castilian, her fine eyes flashing through her tears as she spoke.

Achmet knew not how to answer the beautiful vixen. To conceal his perplexity he turned to Antonia and Beatrice Manzares, her fellow captives.

"And ye, whom I perceive to be the countrywomen of this contumacious slave, are ye of a like spirit?"

They looked in great embarrassment from the Pacha to Camilla, and remained silent.

"How," exclaimed Achmet, angrily, "when I speak to the meanest of my slaves, am I not deemed worthy of a reply?"

"My cousins do not understand the odious jargon in which you address them, and are therefore unable to appreciate your courteous and obliging speeches," replied Camilla, drily.

"How comes it, then, that you not only comprehend every word that I say, but are so ready with your provoking replies?"

"Because I have labored indefatigably to attain fluency in the Turkish language while in captivity."

"And what, my princess, might be your motive for taking so much trouble?"

"Merely that I might have the satisfaction of speaking my mind on occasion," replied Camilla, with the sauciest glance imaginable.

"It must be owned that you have enjoyed that pleasure very fully to-night," said the Pacha, laughing. "But did you ever reply to Suli Bey in this daring manner?"

"He never gave me an opportunity, by pestering me with his conversation and company."

"How then did he comport himself?"

"Positively I am weary of your eternal questions, and will answer you no more to-night."

"Am not I your master, wayward thing? Can I not force you to do any thing I choose?"

"No, you cannot make me talk unless it pleases me. My head aches with the uproar you have made in battering the Dervent about our ears, and I am fatigued with your conversation. I wish you would leave me and attend to those ladies who are taking such pains to attract your notice."

"Oh, Prophet! is it come to this? Is the conqueror of the warlike Suli Bey dictated to by one of his slaves?"

"More extraordinary things than that happen every day, mighty Pacha," replied Camilla, with the utmost composure.

"Do not think, perverse one, that your charms are to excuse your impertinence. Most of these fair Circassians are more beautiful than yourself, yet they extol me above all the heroes of the east, and rejoice in the good fortune that has transferred them from Suli Bey to Achmet."

"And did you believe one word they said?"

"Why should I not?" demanded Achmet, much mortified.

"Do you think that the ladies of your own harem could be sincere in prating and caressing a man who had murdered you an hour before?" said Camilla.

"Mighty Prophet! no; but is there no difference between Suli Bey and Achmet?"

"Yes—a very great difference: Suli Bey was a much handsomer man," said Camilla, with a provoking smile.

"This is past bearing!" exclaimed Achmet, stamping. "I will teach you that you have a master!" So saying, he withdrew, darting at her an angry glance.

"Ah, imprudent Camilla! what have you been saying to put that terrible Turkey man in such a fury?" cried Antonia, in great alarm.—"Though I could not understand a word of your conversation, I knew by the sparkling of your eyes that you were exasperating him, and trembled lest you should go to far. How could you venture to coquet with Achmet after the fate of Suli Bey? (who was, by the bye, just such another tiger as himself.) For my part I felt as if I were being strangled, all the time Achmet stood so near us."

"I expect nothing less than that he will cause you to be sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the river," cried Beatrice, weeping.

"Never fear, my gentle coz, this bloody-minded Pacha will do us no harm, though I doubt not he will attempt to frighten me into submission."

"Dearest Camilla, I tremble for you. Oh what a sad, sad day it was, that threw us into the hands of that villainous corsair."

"Who sold us to Suli Bey, with as little remorse as if we had been three pullets," answered Camilla. "Come," continued she, "cheer you, dear Beatrice. I will venture to pledge my word that through my means you will be restored to your native country and to Henriquez, and Antonia to Diego."

"Fine things to be effected by a damsel in your predicament!" sobbed Beatrice, weeping and hanging about Camilla, as Puffim approached to separate her from them.

"Courage! sweet cousins, fear not for me—I have no fears for myself," said she, embracing them: "and now, my good old soul! whither are you going to take me?" continued she as Puffim proceeded to lead her from the apartment.

Puffim rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, as he replied, "Where I would not go for all the pearls in Lalla Oella's necklace. But if you offend my lord, it is meet you take the consequence."

Camilla, who expected something truly dreadful from this prelude, was not so much shocked as Puffim expected, on being conducted into a gloomy vaulted chamber, lighted by a small grating near the roof, and containing no other furniture than a wretched sofa. Puffim pointed to a pitcher of water and a platter of rice, which were placed in a corner, and withdrew.

During Camilla's imprisonment it was in vain that Achmet sought the society of the ladies of his harem. The spirited and charming Castilian had made an impression on his heart and fancy that he never before experienced; restless and discontented, he could know no happiness but in the presence of her who had captivated him. At the end of the third day he could not forbear visiting her. As he approached her cell, he heard her singing, in a voice of touching melody, one of the exquisite airs of her native land. The lovely captive raised her eyes as Achmet entered, and her cheek flushed with a brighter vermillion as he approached her.

"Suli Bey was a man of liberal temper compared to you," said she pointing to the pitcher and rice.

Achmet's brow darkened—"Always Suli Bey!" cried he angrily; "I could find it in my heart to send you to follow that accursed dead dog."

"Nay, mighty Pacha, that is a little farther than your power extends. You may follow him yourself, peradventure; but I, as a good Christian, hope to go to a very different place from that which I trust is prepared for such wretched misbelievers as Suli Bey and you."

"I see your intemperance of speech is no wise tamed," said the Pacha; "nevertheless I will forgive all your perverseness, if you will sing me that sweet song once more."

"The prisoned bird doth oft-times sing, it is true, but never at the bidding of its jailer," replied Camilla, looking up between smiles and tears.

The Pacha felt the magic of her smile, and the power of her tears; but he knew not how to dismiss the tone of mastership when speaking to a woman.

"Come, my Peri," he said, "it is my pleasure that you follow me to the banquet—nay, it is useless offering resistance to my will."

He then, with a sort of gentle violence, drew her from the darksome cell, into an apartment richly carpeted, glittering with eastern magnificence, and fragrant with burning spices, flowers and essences.

"Come, my princess, let us eat, drink, and be merry," said the Pacha, placing her beside him on an embroidered sofa opposite to the banquet.

"I shall neither eat nor drink, for it is is the vigil of St. Peter; nor am I disposed to sing or be merry," returned Camilla.

"Do you forget that I can force you to do as I command you!" returned Achmet, frowning.

"No; you can neither force me to sing nor to be merry; but I will tell you what you can do—you can order your Aga and black slaves to put a bowstring about my neck and strangle me as they did poor Suli Bey."

"Suli Bey again!" exclaimed the Pacha, furiously—"answer me one question—did you love that wretched rebel?"

"No, I did not."

"Why then do you torment me with his name?"

"Because he is frequently in my thoughts."

"The other ladies of the harem have forgotten him and I have succeeded to their love."

"Love, call you it?" exclaimed Camilla "slaves that they are in mind, as in person,—they know not the meaning of the word!"

"Perhaps I am as ignorant of your sort of love as you seem to consider my women," replied Achmet, thoughtfully.

"Oh! I doubt it not, I never even heard of a Turk who had the least idea of what love meant."

"You shall tell me, then, fair creature, what it signifies, according to your ideas."

"It is," said Camilla, raising her bewitching eyes to his, "an interest so absorbing, that a lover will always prefer the happiness of his beloved to his own. All passions are swallowed up in this one engrossing emotion. He exists but for the happiness of loving, and would prefer dying with her, to living without her."

"Certainly I have never been loved after this fashion," said the Pacha, after a long pause; "yet nothing less will content me now. And you, Camilla,—have you a lover in your own country?"

"Oh, many."

"One that you love thus?"

"No, I have not."

"I fear you are deceiving me."

"Holy Virgin! what a man is this that will not be satisfied with sincerity and plain dealing!"

"Nay, Camilla, if you loved me"—

"My good Pacha, you must not flatter yourself into such a supposition. What title have you to my love."

"I will strive to deserve it. I will restore your cousins to their liberty."

"For which I shall feel most grateful. But it it is not one compliance, or two, or even twenty that will entitle a man to my love."

"Oh, that you would teach me how to obtain it!" said Achmet, passionately.

"Come, I will encourage you a little; you are behaving pretty well, at present. Yesterday I detested your very name—to-day you are almost endurable; and if you wish to leave an agreeable impression, you will permit me to retire."

"No, I cannot part with you, beautiful Camilla; you shall stay and enchant me with your presence."

"I shall do no such thing. If you force me to remain with you against my will, I shall say very disobliging things, and then we shall quarrel."

"Go, then, my Peri! but in your dreams to-night, remember your adoring Achmet."

"I hope, if I dream at all, to be favored with a sweet vision of my native land, and return in slumber to the fair hills of Castile."

"Is your country, then, so dear to you?" asked Achmet, mournfully.

"My country," said Camilla, her lovely eyes suffusing with tears, as the thought of home passed over her mind—"and shall I never behold your orange-groves again, nor hear the rush of your mighty streams, but die like a transplanted flower in a foreign soil!"

Such scenes as these were of daily recurrence during the time that preparations were making for the departure of Beatrice and Antonia; sometimes they did not end so placably.

"It is I that am the slave," would Achmet say, when the fair Spaniard made him feel, too severely, the chains that bound him—"the slave of your caprices Camilla. Would that I had never seen you!"

"Surely, Achmet, that was my misfortune, since I had not the slightest wish to become the victim of the lawless traffic in women that prevails in this disgusting country."

"By Mahomet, you never open your lips but with the design of saying something vexatious. Till I saw you, I was happy; but you have made me the most miserable of men! I am wretched when absent from you; and when I am near you, your whole study is to torment me."

At other times Achmet would sit in Camilla's apartment, listening to her guitar—his whole soul entranced in the pleasure of hearing and seeing her. One day, when he was thus occupied, Beatrice and Antonia entered, to bid farewell, as all things were ready for their departure.

When they offered their thanks to Achmet, he said—"Your gratitude is due to Camilla, who, when she might have used her boundless influence over me to obtain her own liberty, preferred making you happy."

"Because my love for them prevailed over every selfish consideration," said Camilla, with a significant glance.

"Ah, Camilla, I understand your allusion. Go; you are free. Return to Spain—that beloved country which you prefer to Achmet."

His voice faltered as he spoke—Camilla looked up—their eyes met—they both burst into tears.

"Ah," exclaimed Beatrice, "you love one another; wherefore, then, should you part?"

The Pacha threw himself at Camilla's feet.

"Light of my eye! will you leave me?"

"Achmet, I cannot share a divided heart."

"I swear to you, by Allah, that my harem shall be dismissed, and you shall be my only wife."

"Ah, Achmet, there is another thought," said Camilla, weeping; "you are a follower of the False Prophet, and I am a believer in the only faith whereby we may have eternal life."

"Camilla, you speak dark things, and hard to be understood; but only promise to be mine, and if convinced, I will not cling to error."

It may easily be imagined, that Beatrice and Antonia departed for Spain without Camilla, who became Achmet Pacha's bride; and who ere long had the happiness of informing her cousins, by letter, that he had become a secret but decided proselyte to Christianity. A. S.

When a Christian is called upon to perform any act, it becomes his duty to consider its justice; and when satisfied that it is just, to do it without regarding the consequences, leaving these in the hands of Him to whom they belong, and who alone can control them.

THE NECROMANCER.

"Ho! Sorcerer! Magician! Come forth."—These outeries proceeded from a party of young men, just returned from witnessing the funeral of Charles VII. at St. Denis, and who were knocking violently at a door, on the top of a dark and winding staircase, in the rue St. Pierre.—They were replied to by a feeble and broken voice; but they heard it not, so vociferously did they call.

"What!—Necromancer!" At last the door was slowly opened by the object of their search.

"What seek ye, my children?"

"We would know the future; and thou canst dive into each man's destiny, thou high priest of the Evil One—king of sorcerers! Come, and tell us quickly; and see that the intelligence be to our liking: for it needs done of thy skill to know that our rapiers have sharp points," repeated Mandé Thebergan, the eldest of the party, as he directed an enquiring, though fearful, glance into the old man's mysterious dwelling. It was only lighted by a small lamp, the glimmering flame of which scarcely enabled him to distinguish, on one corner of it, a human skeleton; in another, a heap of dusty books; on the floor, spheres and astrolabes; and, fixed to the ceiling, between two beams, an immense white stuffed owl, whose large white eyes glared with peculiar brilliancy, although reflected by the feeble light of the lamp. All this produced a fearful effect upon the susceptible mind of Mandé, already predisposed to the supernatural, and a positive belief in the old man's power. He was unable to withdraw his gaze from those two large round eyes which were glittering in the shade, and stood wrapt in the deepest thought, when he was at length aroused by the loud and boisterous laugh of his companions, who were taunting the old man for his want of skill.

When Mandé's turn came, he hesitated; till, jeered by his comrades, he at length held out his hand; but it was observed that his manner was grave, and his air thoughtful.

"Mandé," exclaimed the old man, and he had not told his name, "Mandé," he murmured between his teeth; and he whispered some words in his ear inaudible to the others of his party.

"What has he said to you?" eagerly enquired his companions; but Mandé was silent, and quitted the place, pale as death.

The next morning Mandé's first thought was of the necromancer; all night long he had be held him in his dreams. The low voice of the magician still murmured in his ear; and when he awoke from his troubled sleep, the last word still vibrated at his heart. "Am I then reserved for that? and must I then ——," he inwardly exclaimed; and his noble heart revolted at his own conjurings. "And who told me this? A wretch who luxuriates upon the credulity of mankind—who attacks my purse through the medium of my fears. I am a fool to think of it."

He arose, and went out, but nothing could divert him; even in the streets he seemed to see but the sorcerer, and to hear but his fatal words. Timid by nature, and weakened by the excesses of his life, the effects of the sorcerer's prediction, acting upon an enfeebled mind, acquired an all-powerful intensity. After wandering through the city till past the hour of noon, striving to escape from the horrible idea that pursued him, he sought some of his companions of the previous evening, but society he found was a burden to him; he therefore quitted them to wander alone in the fields. The sun was bright, but to him the heavens appeared clouded; a balmy and refreshing breeze played around him, but he felt not its soothing power—his heart was chilled. One dark, freezing, dreadful idea haunted his imagination. As he was retracing his steps to his lodgings, in that despairing mood that takes possession of the mind when nature has no longer any charms for us, and was on the point of passing La Grève—he suddenly stopped short; for he beheld a newly-erected scaffold.—With a convulsive shudder he turned aside; it reminded him of the words of the sorcerer!

He could no longer sleep in La Rue Cheret Saint Lauday, which was opposite to La Grève; he, therefore, quitted the capital, and took up his residence in a habitation situated between Paris and Montmartre. There he saw but little, and heard but little; it seemed to him like the silence of the desert at the very gates of a populous city; and there he hoped that his troubled imagination might have recovered its tone and tranquility, and the dreadful words of the necromancer might be gradually weakened from their mysterious power they had acquired over him—but, alas! they had found a ready echo within his breast always ready to repeat them.

The house was inhabited by an old couple and their daughter, the idolised child of their old age: she was truly beautiful. She had one of those Madonna heads that an ideal style of beauty, such as genius in its happiest moments of inspiration conceives—black hair platted across her forehead—lustrous dark eyes, and a complexion pale and transparent as the finest alabaster. Such was this young maiden, who, with her parents, lived like Mandé, in a state of utter seclusion from the world. No one ever knew their names—once he heard the old father address his daughter by the name of Nicole. Nicole became for him a beloved name, that at times could make him forget his cherished sorrow. Love dawned in his bosom, and every sombre idea was eclipsed by its dazzling rays. Nicole, the beautiful Nicole—she haunted him in his dreams, in his meditations, even in his prayers, and if he could only catch a glimpse of her as she crossed like a spirit before him, it was for him a day of happiness. He then thought himself delivered, and oh! how dearly he loved the object who had dissipated the horrid phantoms and gloomy terrors of his imagination; often did he steal toward her and bless her in the soft language of love.

On Sunday morning he met her in the church of the Abbey of Montmartre; she was on her knees and praying so fervently, that he felt she must possess a confiding—a loving heart; and when she raised her head and met his earnest gaze, her pale cheek was slightly tinged with a blush, and in that timid look there was so much piety and tenderness, that he said to himself, "surely that is love!" Nor was he mistaken, she did indeed love Mandé—she had loved him long and in secret, and she revealed it in her glance. He passed that night revelling on the delicious belief, that he was not alone in the world, that he was beloved; and in the joy of the moment it seemed to him, that he had only to ask her in marriage of her parents, and obtain her. He therefore resolved to take this step in the morning; he could dread no refusal; and he pictured to himself the paradise of home—of the joys of love—of felicity! "If happiness is to be found in this world," he mentally exclaimed: "surely this is happiness." But suddenly these golden reveries were dissipated by the recollection of the fatal words of the sorcerer! They came like a damp upon his heart, and froze his very blood. "Happiness!" he sighed forth, "happiness! did I say?" he bitterly exclaimed! "No, no, not for me, not for the doomed! never shall I taste of happiness." His bright hopes deserted him, and he relapsed into his former gloomy imaginings, which the enchantment of two months' love had partially banished from his mind. The dreadful words of the necromancer appeared to him more inevitable than ever—his wife then would press to her bosom one cursed by heaven—one already branded by fate, and doomed to ——his very soul shrank within him as the word rushed with tenfold force upon his recollection, and he raved in his anguish, and denounced the Almighty, which he fancied had cast him to irrevocable doom.

That very morning he disappeared; evening came, but he returned not; day after day passed, and month after month, but Mandé came not again. Nicole tenderly loved him—for she wept bitterly, and vowed she would never marry.

The neighbors on his disappearance, recollecting his dejected air and moody habits, supposed that he had made away with himself;—Nicole trembled at the very idea—a suicide! one whom she had loved so dearly—she could not believe it; and yet, could she have known the truth, she would have found that the fear of an hereafter had alone withheld the poniard from his bosom—devotion had that once saved him from despair.

It was on the first of May, 1525, that Mandé once more entered Paris;—he had been absent five years. The thought of Nicole still haunted him, and he longed to see her bright angelic face once more, for he had returned, from over the sea, to worship at the shrine of his first love. He had retained his residence near Montmartre, and trembling, he directed his steps thither,—he was obliged to traverse the quarter of the Holles to reach it—and, made a detour to avoid the Place de Grève, so hateful to him. He was just entering La Rue de Garnelles, when the sound of music attracted his attention, and he perceived a crowd of people approaching. He made some inquiries of a bystander, who told him that it was a marriage, the nuptials of the son of Henry Cousin, the executioner of Paris and of the daughter of Merry Capluche the retired executioner of the city of Rouen.—"A splendid and well-assorted match, truly, Sir stranger," said the man—with a grin. Mandé shuddered at the words spoken so lightly, but with such awful meaning to himself. The fatal words rang in his ears as plainly as on the night of his carousal. He had long since become convinced of their truth, and with gloomy tranquility he awaited his time. The idea had become his faith—his creed—the very breath of his life—so powerfully was he absorbed in his belief, that he no longer wrestled with it—no longer endeavoured to shake off the delusion which had assumed to his diseased imagination all the circumstance of reality. It even impelled him onward, and, by a mysterious and invisible influence, urged him to anticipate its fulfilment.

He walked onward: the mirth and gaity of the crowd was sickening to him; he wished to avoid the people, but the procession was close upon him, and he stood to see it pass. The bride and bridegroom were returning from the nuptial benediction, greeted by the plaudits of the populace. Mandé cast a hurried glance at the principal personage of the pageant, when, instead of turning with his usual disgust at any thing like rejoicing, his gaze became fixed, his eyes were rivetted upon that face. The blood forsook his countenance, his lips quivered, he covered his face with his hands, and looked again, as one bewildered. Good God! was it an apparition! or was it a dreadful reality? It was too true, the beautiful—the adored Nicole was there before him, the daughter and wife of an executioner!—He staggered against the wall for support.—Yes, then she was more beautiful than when he first saw her—the only bright gleam in his dark and troubled life. It was all over; if in his hours of reflection he might have entertained some doubts of the horrible fate that hung over him, they had vanished at a single glance.

From that moment a species of monomania seized on him. Every place of punishment had a charm for him—it was a bloody magnet that attracted him. The gibbet of Montfaucon, that of Montigny, the scaffolds erected in the Place de Grève and in the Holles, he visited every day. He no longer went to pray but in the church of St. Jean de Grève, where the condemned are prepared for death, and were they heard their last mass.

Days of happiness had followed the nuptials which had overwhelmed Mandé with such sudden terror. Petit Jehan, loved his beautiful Nicole more and more, who had given him a boy the image of his mother. Never was child so caressed and beloved, and he was growing in all the happiness and repose of innocent childhood; while Mandé, who had adored his mother, was struggling with the anguish of a life that had been insuppertable. Four years had elapsed since he saw Nicole on her way from the altar.

One cloudy day Mandé quitted his retreat; he had become a misanthrope, and shunned the light of day. He entered Paris by the street of La Porte Montmartre, his pace was irregular, his right hand covered his forehead, across which passed clouds as dark as those which obscured the horizon. He had passed a terrible night—he felt that his hour had at length arrived—that a powerful and irresistible hand was urging him to his fate, while a voice whispered continually in his ear the same words that he heard the sorcerer utter. Despair was in his look—his face was wild and haggard his hands were dry and hot—a fire was burning within him, and his throat was parched—a horrible desire came over him—he felt that he could only quench his consuming thirst in BLOOD! A young man approached him. He was attired gaily, as though he were going to some festival; a smile was on his countenance, and he was humming a chansonette. With the frightful instinct of his distemper, Mandé had unclasped a knife with a long thin blade; the expression of his countenance was fiendish, and as though aware of his repulsive aspect, *he shielded it from the light of day* by his broad slouched hat; but the feeling of his better nature came over him. "Shall I," muttered he; "shall I send a soul to his last account, perhaps with crime upon his head?—his eternal punishment will be added to my weight of guilt. No! no! some other victim, more innocent than he;"—and he was proceeding along, casting about him furious glances of deadly import. "Ha!" said he, "shall I strike that young maiden, she has the very look of purity and innocence?" As he spoke these words a young girl came bounding onward; the glow of health and beauty was on her cheeks, and her eye seemed lighted up with joy and love. "But what if I pierce two hearts in one?" he muttered; "she has perhaps an expectant lover; at a single blow I shall destroy two—the scaffold demands not that;" he reached the corner of La Rue de Garnelle. At fifty paces from him was a group of children playing in all the innocency of childhood. How joyous their cries—how sparkling their eyes—how graceful their movement—it was the beau ideal of joyous life. Mandé suddenly stopped, rivetted his glance upon the youngest of the group with flowing chesnut curls and rosy cheeks. "His is an innocent soul, pure as the wings of angels; I can do no injury to him. He is an angel that I shall send back to Paradise—poor little one, I shall perhaps save thee from many evils, perhaps from crime. How sweet to snatch a human being from the sight of such torments as mine."

While thus holding fearful converse with himself, he advanced gradually toward the children, who, excited by his presence, played with renewed ardor. Mandé was now within a few paces of the children; three or four of them ran toward him, and sought to attract his attention by their innocent gambols. Once he was on the point of retracing his steps; but he could not—*he knew his time was come!* The children gathered round him, and all addressed him at once; he lifted up in his arms the little creature with the chesnut curls.

"He is only four years old; he is the youngest and most innocent," said Mandé to himself. And as he encircled him with one of his arms, his dreadful mania came strongly over him; blood was in his thought—he thirsted only for blood—and his eyes gleamed with the dreadful insanity. The little innocent was frightened at his looks.

"Let me go," he cried, struggling to get free—"let me go and play;" but Mandé clutched him convulsively toward him, and plunged the long knife deep in his heart! A stream of blood bubbled from the wound, and the little creature gasped and fell dead with his tiny white arms circling the neck of his murderer.

The laughter of the children was quickly transformed into cries of terror at the sight of blood. The neighbors ran to the spot; but Mandé made not the slightest attempt to escape—he had fulfilled his destiny. The watch arrived and seized Mandé, who a few days afterward was condemned by M. Robert d'Estourville, prevost of Paris, to *die upon the scaffold!*

On the day following the trial, the condemned, carrying a lighted torch, proceeded barefooted to the place of execution, before the gates of Notre Dame. As he passed along to the fatal spot the imprecations of the women were dreadful; maternal love assumed a savage tenderness that eloquently burst forth—the mothers embraced their little ones, and pressed them wildly to their bosoms as the assassin passed.

Having at length reached the foot of the scaffold, Mandé ascended the steps with a stern composure: he was supported by the innate conviction that he had obeyed a law that was inevitable, and he found himself standing face to face to a young executioner whom he had never seen before. They stood alone above the immense crowd below.

"Come, little Jehan—this is your first essay; remember a father ought not to miss the *assassin of his child!*" These encouraging words proceeded from Master Henri Cousin, his sire, and from Master Merry Capluche, who bore the same affinity to Nicole—it was her child that he had slain. All was prepared. Little Jehan waved his thirsty sabre round his head, and as it made its fatal descent the last mortal sounds that shook the ears of the unfortunate Mandé was a hoarse guttural laugh, which proceeded from the old necromancer at the foot of the scaffold. His prediction was fulfilled—*Mandé died upon the scaffold.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES TO MISS J*****.

Thou art in truth, by all that's right,
A star dropt down from spheres above;
A Sylph whose beauty charms the sight,
A Maid whose presence causes love.

I could compare thee to the Queen of night,
Fair Luna riding in her silver car;
While round she shines in weaker light,
Stars that in brilliancy inferior are.

And I fain would speak of thy polished brow,
Of thy fairy steps, and winning wit;
Of "the smiles that win, of the tints that glow"
On the face of the "fairest of the fair."

Of thine eye, so black, so heavenly soft;
So bright, so full of hidden feeling;
Of its glance which charms our eyes too oft,
And e'en our very hearts is stealing.

But my harp and its strings are by far too light,
Too weak I fear for this bold deed;
Of daring to speak of all that is bright,
Of all that is loveliness indeed. Ios.

Wilmington, N. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11, 1838.

Take Notice, that we have notified the Mayor, Alderman, Judge or Justice of the Peace for the city and county of Philadelphia, for the location of the County of Delaware and there appointed Commissioners, which will sit at October, 1838, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to hear on and our creditors, at the County Court House, in Sixth Sixth and Chestnut streets, in the said city of Philadelphia, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

John Weakerly, victualler, Spring Garden, county.
Benjamin Carpenter, laborer, Spring Garden, county.
Abraham Stockton, farmer, Chester Hill, county.
Abraham Stockton, jr., farmer, Chester Hill, county.
Henry Baker, laborer, Spring Garden, county.
Edward Burke, blacksmith, Mount Airy, county.
Thomas McClintock, carpenter, 3 Elder alley, city.
John Dolt, laborer, Eagle court, between Schuylkill 6th and Schuylkill 7th streets.
Edward Cahill, chain maker, corner Schuylkill 6th and Hamilton street.
George Carnegie, weaver, Brandon street, county.
Charles Carnegie, weaver, Brandon street, county.
Benjamin N. Hirsh, late commission merchant, Chestnut, near Delaware county, now 218 Market st.
James Powell, porter, Independence square.
Benjamin Rosetta, accountant, 310 Market st. city.
Richard Dixon, laborer, near Frankford, county.
Philip Ash, woodcarver, 266 south 4th street, county.
James Neal, jr., laborer, Kensington, county.
John Mahon, laborer, Bedford st. near Broad county.
William Smith, blacksmith, Moyamensing, county.
Samuel Rhoads, tailor, coach painter, 6th above Master street, county.
Thomas Wm. Bennett, tailor, Moyamensing, county.
William W. Smith, waterman, late Burke county, now Philadelphia county.
Jacob L. Walton, late wood cutter, Spruce near Schuylkill 6th.
John Reese, victualler, Old York Road, above Buttonwood street, county.
John R. Savage, accountant, South st. above 11th.
James Mercer, laborer, Locust above 12th st. city.
Ebe W. Britton, waterman, near Delaware river, co.
Henry Walsh, confectioner, 13 Bridge st. city.
John F. Rodolph, baker, 166 north 5th st. county.
John Shall, late carpenter, 11th above Race st. city.
Matthew Brazier, laborer, Tyne alley, county.
Samuel Rhoads, tin plate worker, 6th above Race st.
Henry A. Allen, musician, George street, between Schuylkill 6th and 7th sts.
William Dewitt, carpenter, 31 Christian st. N. L.
John M. Johnson, stone cutter, Middleton st. county.
Simon A. Elder, laborer, corner George's alley and Vine street.
George W. Smith, commission agent, Market above 7th street.
Stephen Buckalew, ronchos driver, Kensington.
George B. Watson, carpenter, Spring Garden, county.
James Jordan, late Sheriff's officer, Market st. above 3d and Prune streets.
John A. Conrad, accountant, 9d above Race st.
Robert Egner, brickmaker, George's street, below Schuylkill 8d.
Samuel Jeffries, victualler, corner 5th and Franklin street, county.
Lewis James, blacksmith, Germantown road, county.
Francis D. Wilcocks, accountant, 5th above Market street, county.
Peter Fish, retailer, 404 south Second st. Southwark.
Thomas H. Noble, locksmith, 3 St. James st. city.
Robert Evans, cordwainer, 74 George st. city.
Edward S. Yeoman, currier, Fourth near Tammany st.
Lemuel Phillips, carpenter, 231 Market st.
James Scott, mariner, 4 Swan's court, Southwark.
John Lee, laborer, Jefferson street, county.
John B. Lloyd, waterman, 12 Mall-line st. city.
William Hudson, tailor, corner of Front and Master street, county.
Thomas Hyde, laborer, Dutch court, city.
Thomas Hyde, laborer, Spring Garden, county.
William Hoge, late wa erman, near Kensington.
William Brown, laborer, Moyamensing, county.
George W. South, dentist, Walnut above 11th st.
James Stevenson, Grocer, at above Vine, city.
Peter Taylor, laborer, Front below Almond st. co.
Thomas Cheyney, laborer, county.
John Nash, cordwainer, county.
Reuben M'Cauley, mariner, Charlotte street, near George's, county.
Frederick Roth, piano maker, 36 Old York road, co.
James Lorener, waterman, corner of Lancaster and Race st.
William Mahoney, laborer, 10th st. between Chestnut and Market.
John Gibbons, waiter, Cadwallader street, West Kensington.
John C. Amos, tailor, Shackamaxon.
Geo. J. Mai, clerk, corner mason, 10th above Market street.
James Hughes, merchant, 61 Union street.
Charles B. Ferguson, physician, 510 north Third st.
Robert Lovegrove, cooper, Vine above 10th st.
Daniel Gallagher, laborer, Northern Liberties.
John W. Jones, carpenter, Spring Garden.
William Hann, dealer, Penn township.
Samuel Trego, ship wright, Beach st. Kensington.
Peter Cuzon, coach maker, Northern Liberties.
George Beacon, carter, corner of Schuylkill 6th and Hudson street.
Jacob Gerhart, carpenter, S. W. corner of Marshall and Brown sts. Spring Garden.
James Hall, late carpenter, corner of Howard and Market street.
John Hoffman, merchant, 6th street, near Germantown road, county.
Michael Euler, laborer, Spring Garden.
Henry Worman, brickmaker, north side of Wood st. between 3d and 4th sts. from Schuylkill.
Melvin Thompson, mariner, 411 south Front street.
James M. Montgomery, coal dealer, Vine above 4th st. below 2d, south 9th st. city.
James Ward, house carpenter, Ogden st. Spring Garden.
Levi B. Holder, doctor of medicine, 91 Green street.
John Dunn, cruize painter, Germantown, Township.
Allen Long, carpenter, Germantown road, county.
Isaac Frost, 2d Ward, city.
John Richardson, Shower st. below 7th.
Samuel Dunn, late cordwainer, 7 Nicholas st.
Thomas Dunn, late cordwainer, Shackamaxon.
Absalom Wood, peddler, Germantown.
William S. Stewart, late grocer, 216 Race st.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, Schuylkill st. above Pine.
Isaachar Tomlin, cotton printer, Chestnut Hill.
Joseph Lewis, cotton printer, between 3d and 4th sts. of Green & Newbold, city.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, 216 south 13th street.
John Haviland, attorney, N. W. corner of Seventh and Walnut st. city.
Jas. S. Jones, dry goods merchant, 307 Market st.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, corner Beach st. Kensington
George Vogt, painter, Kensington.
Samuel Richards, late grocer, near 3d, county.
William Lockett, cook, boiler, 30 st. near Race.
William Lockett, cook, boiler, 30 st. near Race.
Charles Lockett, cook, boiler, 30 st. near Race.
Robert Evans, laborer, Pamak's alley, near 4th and Cherry.
John Robinson, house carpenter, 1 Harmony court.
Charles Wood, painter, 19th st. near Market.
William Hall, late grocer, Schuylkill 9th near Race street.
Isaac Reese, plaster, county.
Thomas Reese, plaster, county.
Samuel Fisher, late carpenter, county.
Washington Conrad, victualler, county.
Henry Fish, shoemaker, Germantown.
Henry Fish, shoemaker, Germantown.
Jonathan Fish, baker, county.
Jonathan Fish, baker, county.
Samuel Hutchinson, farmer, Horsekirk township, co.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, 216 Race st.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, Schuylkill square, Moyamensing.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, 216 Race st.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, 216 Race st.
Thomas Hall, late grocer, 216 Race st

...ENING POST

...HILADELPHIA.

...rday, October 20, 1838.

...ning the store of Miss Shan... 2nd North Ni street, was broken... ...ed of a large portion of its contents.

...t the last day the Shinfle or Canalboa... ...be exhibited: the owners being co... ...go further south.

...ng evening the cars on the Baltimore ...ey were detained some hours, in cons... ...the locomotive running over two cows, ...which were killed. Some of the cars ...ure, but none of the passengers were

...ley has constructed some cars for the ...on a new plan, the cars will be fifty ...connected with each other by platforms ...the large seats of

...One of the Eastern papers says, "Every ...r American ...ht hydrostatic evidence ...ed to be a liar."

...—The English ...Labrador station de... ...—the former con... ...ed to be a cur... ...dog in the manger, ...h themselves, or le...

...thampton, (Mass.) ...ed on the 10th inst. ...and the seal has fa... ...ecution, delivered a note to the Se... ...States, wherein he stated that though ...of annexation was considered by ...State Government as disposed of. ...he was no occasion for the subject ...to be discussed, he had been instruct... ...government to communicate to our ...t, the formal and absolute withdrawal ...position for such annexation.

...must be scarce in Iowa, since at a ...given at the town of Blue Ruin in ...ery, fifty gentlemen were divided ...ladies.

...of the information which has ...n, that David R. Porter, late Gover... ...this state by a majority rising 5000.— ...to the amended constitution, there ...ect fails on which to found an opinion; ...rect returns received give a majority ...e amendments.

...mittee appointed by a meeting recent... ...the Exchange, on the subject of form... ...of steam ships from this city and ...have written to the latter country to ...estimate of the probable cost.

...missioners of Southwark have not ...arrangements for the redemption of ...tates issued under the authority of the

...rth American Quarterly Magazine, ...ommissioned and in its stead, the Amer... ...ican of Literature and the Arts will ...ed monthly. It is designed to em... ...es, essays, tales, poetry and scien... ...pence.

...ton Commercial Gazette remarks, ...Methodists are holding meetings, at ...ations have been held, and numerous ...fall elections they will not sacrifice ...ple for any party consideration. A ...ndidate which if pursued will prove ...r secure to the country Virtue, ...d Independence.

...Founding is in operation in N. Y. us... ...of auction sales, by which many un... ...persons have been induced to buy ...ds. The pockets with ...persons have been ...ttle ...ed Mrs. Hill were re... ...ere, they were fired ...ot otherwise injured. ...ed, the sales, with the understanding ...ere to pay. This is villainy in ...ommencing the ignominious ...corrupting the morals of the un... ...the accounts published in the New ...ers, we should judge these much sus... ...erience their descriptions with great

...per's Journal published at Pottsville, ...the dispute between the boatmen and ...ilders has been settled by the former ...receive one dollar and thirty cents ...ot from that place to this city. All ...eription therefore is prevented by ...olution, and it may be anticipated ...ntities of coal will be sent down ...winter commences.

...bution of Dubuis's splendid paint... ...Masonic Hall, will positively close ...ter which they will be removed to ...Go and see them.

...Mr. George Imus, Esq. of ...ed since an article in the Bradford ...k, through Chamberlain's ...from Broadhead's ...arian church, who ...children of poor families to ...schools. Some of the contractors in Lo... ...endeavored to persuade the Irish la... ...obtain entirely from the use of whiskey, ...ers, and lead sober, regular lives, on ...dition Mr. White & Co. promise that ...of education shall never contain whiskey ...not to be dangerous.

...The idea is a good one let it come ...it may, and there can be no doubt, ...ld out such encouragement as is reasonable ...ood will be the result.

...Gymnasians held their seventh annual ...on Monday last, and was attended ...from most of the states. A large ...the members objected to the introduc... ...of coal water, which ...ession had been ...a large dose of magne... ...ed every two ...ute were repeated ...e new president ...on hoped they will be made ...ter.

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...Arrested.—We have ...ers from time to time ...ed with pocket ...ilroads, endangering ...of travellers. ...ve been detected. It ...n the cars for Baltim... ...ester, on returning in ...ey had placed ...ion. They had placed ...which, however, ...ation taken. In the ...ers had made ...ound over in sure... ...ing, they were com... ...gainst those who ...hope they will be made ...ter.

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...From the Floridian of ...ed on the evening of the ...ck was made on the ...ed to the ...k. The pickets with ...persons had left a little ...ed Mrs. Hill were re... ...ere, they were fired ...ot otherwise injured. ...ed, the sales, with the understanding ...ere to pay. This is villainy in ...ommencing the ignominious ...corrupting the morals of the un... ...the accounts published in the New ...ers, we should judge these much sus... ...erience their descriptions with great

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Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Every one can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peal into the road from the foot-pavement.

A Thought.—The human heart is a lovely plain, surrounded and adorned with Eden beauties, whereon Religion, the heavenly Architect, may erect her house of many mansions, or Mammon, the worker of unrighteousness, dig deep her polluted dens of crime and vice.—Anon.

An Editor, speaking of a contemporary, says that the last that was seen of him he was riding a hog to water.

The daughter of Themistocles had two lovers; the one a coxcomb, the other an honest man.—The first was rich the second poor. He took the honest man for his son-in law; for "I had rather," said he "have a man that wants wealth than wealth that wants a man."

Why is a tavern a contradiction? Because it is an *Inn*-convenience.

A Bull.—An Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, cautioned the public against trusting her in these words;—"My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am not married to her."

An honest clergyman in the country was reprimanding a married couple for the frequent dissensions between them, which were very unbecoming, both in the eye of God and man, seeing that they were both one. "Both one!" cried the husband; "were you to come by our door sometimes, you would think we were twenty."

Just after Sheridan had taken a new house he met Lord Guilford, to whom, he said, "Well all will now go on like clock work." "Ah!" said his lordship, "tick, tick."

Ploughing Deep.—Judge Coulter of Virginia, when first appointed to the bench, had jurisdiction over one of the mountain counties.—The district was made up of many wild and unruly fellows. One of the Judge's first acts was to impose a heavy fine, by way of example, upon a rough and hardy backwoodsman, for disorderly conduct. As the man was leaving the court room in charge of an officer, he turned and addressed the Judge—

"Your name is Coulter, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I have to say is, that you are setting your *coulter* rather too deep for a man who is ploughing new ground."

It is recorded that the fellow's wit saved the fine.

Hail Columbia.—During a great hail storm in the town of Columbia, on the Susquehanna, in June last, some one in a tavern remarked that the hail beat a fair tune on the windows.—"Yes, and by St. Patrick," said an Irishman, "and the tune is *Hail Columbia.*"

The Frenchman and the Bank.—Vat you say sare? Vill you read sare? Is dis not one ten dollar yours, sare? Vill you not pay de l'argent, sare, de silvear, de gold, de coppare?

"We have suspended, sir, and do not redeem our notes in coin."

"Suspende? what dat—hang by de neck like one damn thieving dog? O no, sare, you no deceive me, sare, by Gar, I vill shoot you mit the pistle, de gun, de cannon, sare—eh? Vill you no pay de l'argent?"

"No, Mr. Trompe, we cannot redeem the note now, but will when the other banks pay theirs."

"Ven de others banque pay diers, sare? By Gar, the oder banque say de same, sare! Ven you pay yours, sare? Mon Dieu—Mon Dieu—de la monie, de silvare, de gold, coppare, l'argent, sare. I vill be revenge, sare, Look eere, I tear de damn billet note in littel piece, I spit on him, I chew him, you lose your damn note, I am revenge, I am revenge. I am by Gar, revenge."

So saying, the little Frenchman walked out of the bank with the imperial air of a Napoleon.

Old law of Courtship.—Oct. 27, 1647.—"The General Court enact," that if any young man *attempt* to address a young woman, without the consent of her parents or the *County Court!* he shall be fined 5*l* for the first offence, 10*l* for the second, and imprisonment for the third."

Punishment.—Sept. 11, 1649.—Matthew Stanley was tried for drawing the affections of John Tarbox's daughter without the consent of her parents. He was fined 5*l*—fees 2s 6d, and 6s for 3 days attendance by her parents.

"In the same month, 2 *married women* were fined 5s a piece for *scolding!*" Quere. What would or should have been the penalty for an unmarried woman for the same offence?—*Salem Gazette.*

"John," said a traveller to a farmer's boy, who was hoeing in a field, "your corn is small." "Yes, we planted the small kind." "But it looks dwarfish and yellow." "Yes, we planted the yellow sort."—"I mean you will not get half a crop; do you understand me?" "O yes, sir—I understand—we don't expect to, for we planted on shares."

"What's your eggs a dozen, marm?" said an old skinflint one day to a market woman.—"Twenty cents, sir." "Aint you rather high in your price—ninepence is enough for eggs."—"Perhaps such an old bune as you may say so; but if I was a hen I would'nt lay eggs for a cent a piece, I know!"

July a Revolutionary Month.—On the 9th of this month, in the year 1386, the despotism exercised over Switzerland by the house of Austria, was annihilated on the field of Sampach. On the 26th of July, 1581, the confederation of the Low Countries promulgated an edict, by which they renounced their allegiance to Philip II. On the 12th of July, 1690, James II. lost the battle of Boyne, which for ever excluded both himself and his posterity from the throne of Great Britain. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Congress of the United States declared their country independent of the English crown. On the 14th of July, 1789, the flag of liberty waved over the French Bastile. And on the 26th of July, 1830, Charles X. of France signed the death warrant of his dynasty.

Animal Magnetism.—Horne Tooke once went incognito to an animal magnetiser. After various actions, "Do you begin to feel any thing particularly new, sir?" said the operator. "Nothing in the world," said Tooke, with the most perfect sang froid: More delusions were tried. Still, "no, no, no!" At length, summoning all his art "now," said the operator, "I am sure you perceive something." "I do, I *do*," exclaimed Tooke, "most clearly and distinctly. I see that you are a cheat, and your operation an imposture!"

A round bill.—Tom presented his bill to his neighbor Joe for services rendered. The latter looked it over and expressed much surprise at the amount. "Why, Tom, it strikes me that you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I am sensible it is a *round* one," quoth Tom—"and I have come for the purpose of getting it *squared.*"

Original genius.—Two ladders of equal height and standing on the ground are no better than one; but when one of them is lashed to the other, a man may ascend by them a double height.—So an original genius who takes advantage of the knowledge and discoveries of past ages may attain to a double elevation while the original mind without learning may ascend no higher than others have done before him.

Singular Forgiveness.—Sir Walter Scott, in his article in the Quarterly Review on the Culloden papers, mentions a characteristic instance of the old Highland warrior's mode of pardon. "You must forgive your bitterest enemy, Connuir, now," said the confessor to him as he lay gasping on his death-bed.—"Weil, if I must, I must," replied the chieftain, "but my curse be on you, Donald," turning toward his son, "if you forgive him."

Lawyers Outwitted.—Two lawyers by the name of Root and Bush chancing to meet the famous Lorenzo Dow at a tavern in the western part of New York and wishing to amuse themselves, asked him, among other questions, what kind of a place he thought Heaven was? He answered that he thought it was a barren country, where there was not a Root or Bush, nor never would be!

One way to empty a Cart.—An honest son of Erin, lately arrived at Baltimore, was employed to drive a dirt cart. Not being an adept in the art and mystery of hauling dirt, he was woefully perplexed when he wished to empty the cart, and after as much manœuvring to get into a proper position as would have sufficed to move a seventy-four, he marched up to the horse's head, seized the bridle with a powerful grasp, and sang out with a hearty good will, '*rare up, rare up!*' calculating, we suppose, that the horse would elevate himself far enough to empty the cart!

Anecdotes of Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell).—To illustrate by example his singularly refined and pungent wit in conversation, or the happy and unexpected quotations with which he embellished it, or the tersely told anecdotes with which he enlivened it, without for an instant fatiguing his audience, would be far less easy,—because it is of the nature of the refined essence in which the spirit of the best society consists, not to keep. When some sudden and somewhat violent changes of opinion were imputed to a learned Judge, who was always jocosely termed Mrs.——, "Varium et mutabile semper Femina," was Sir William Scott's remark. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flippantly than beseemed the gravity of his cloth, "Oh, Sir William, after forty a man is always either a fool or physician!"—"Mayn't he be both, doctor?" was the arch rejoinder, with a most arch leer and insinuating *voce* half drawled out. "A Vicar was once," (said Sir William, presiding at the dinner of the Admiralty Sessions,) "so wearied out with the parish clerk confining himself entirely to the 100th Psalm, that he remonstrated, and insisted upon a variety, which the man promised; but, old habit proving too strong for him, the old words were as usual given out next Sunday, 'All people that on earth do dwell.'—Upon this the Vicar's temper could hold out no longer, and jutting his head over the desk, he cried, 'Damn all people that on earth do dwell!'—a very *compendious form of anathema!*" added the learned chief of the Spiritual Court.

Female surgery in the twelfth century.—Another important branch of convent education was a knowledge of medicine and surgery. In an age when 'the Church' was the grand depository of science and learning, and when so great a portion of the pharmacopœia consisted of charms derived from texts of holy writ, or invocations, prayers, or exercisms, the fair inhabitant of the cloister naturally became, in the eyes of a marvelling people, the appropriate ministering priestess of those rites. The superstition of the northern nations, too, had always invested woman both with prophetic powers and with the gift of healing; no wonder, therefore, was it, that, when both Pagan and Christian superstition combined in viewing the nun as skilful in leechcraft, she should sedulously devote herself to its practice. For all those diseases whose seat was in the mind, there was the psalm and the prayer, the aspersion of holy water, or the pilgrimage to the saintly shrine; while for those more active diseases which refused to yield to religious formulæ, the long catalogue of indigenous herbs would, in most cases, afford medicine and, perhaps, a cure; nor is it improbable that many an herb tea and many a diet drink, still employed in the more remote parts of the land, are the venerable remains of conventual skill.

For surgery, the ladies of the middle ages, more especially those devoted to the church, were celebrated equally with their monastic brethren, and the chroniclers frequently record instances of the skill of the convent maiden in curing even dangerous wounds. There is an instance, too, of a nobleman, who breaking his leg while hunting, was conveyed to the nearest convent, where the limb was carefully set by the prioress, and himself nursed with the kindest assiduity and care. Bleeding, that faithful remedy of our forefathers, was performed gratuitously—in female convents. In a deed of gift, still extant, the donor stipulates that she and her household shall be bled 'as frequently as she may desire;' and popular tradition still records the tragic story of bold Robin Hood's fate, who, having gone, as was his wont each springtide, to Kirkless Abbey to be bled, met his death through the atrocious perfidy of the prioress Elizabeth de Staynton, who made use of a poisoned lancet.

Nor was this medical and surgical skill entirely confined to the inmates of the cloister; the high born damsel, profiting by the instructions of the convent school, returned to her father's castle able to afford that ready aid which had been so kindly and so skilfully given. Romance, fabliau, and lay, those important illustrators of ancient manners, alike bear testimony to the wonders of female leechcraft, and tell of Nicolette, who, when Aucassin 'leapt the wide fosse' and dislocated his shoulder, tended him with skilful care, and completed the cure; of Nogiva, who healed with 'choice balsams' the wounds of Sir Gugemar; and 'Iseult aux blanches mains,' who so tenderly watched over the sick bed of Sir Tristem, all unwitting that another Iseult than herself was his own lady love.

Nurtured amid the many conventional refinements of our artificial state of society, the lady may smile at the picture of an abbess preparing a medicine, or the damsel, decked with 'gems and miniver,' applying the balsam, or placing the bandage; but to those who reflect on the numerous casualities to which all classes were exposed in these unsettled times, and the difficulty, and often impossibility, of procuring prompt and efficient medical aid, it will be gratifying to reflect that the mistress of an extensive household was not the mere creature of showy accomplishments; but was qualified to be a valuable assistant to those around her. Limited as was the degree of medical knowledge, still, in a marvel loving age, and among a devout and all believing people, many a wonderous cure was performed. Received from the fair hand of the lady, or the holy hand of the nun, the remedy was drank 'in full assurance of faith;' and, admitted within the hallowed precincts of the cloister, the patient deemed himself secure from all internal influence, and confidently awaited the expected cure. The wondering churl and the admiring noble alike joined in proclaiming the skill of the fair physician; and in the popular belief, even the learned graduate of Salerno might veil his hood before the marvels of female leechcraft.

Progress of Knowledge.—Free inquiry has always been obstructed by the priests of prevailing creeds, and ever will be, where it can be done by the extortion of influence. Power is always sweet. Whenever it triumphs, it will be exercised; wherever it is feared it will domineer. Bigotry and intolerance owe their victory over truth altogether to the cowardice and dishonesty of philosophers. It has been considered the height of wisdom to be calm and dispassionate. Enthusiasm and intrepidity have been hitherto reckoned as heavy deductions from the sum of sagacity. A bigot has been looked upon as a wild beast, that was to be stopped into slumber, rather than subdued by energy and boldness. Popular superstition it has been thought proper to propitiate by acquiescence, rather than confront by opposition. Error was too formidable to be corrected, intolerance too awful to be bearded; and men at this hour do not scruple to admire and praise the moderation of ancient philosophers, who suppressed the expression of what was unpopular, bowed their heads to the storm of the prevailing prejudices, and pretended to acquiesce in false—so long as they were fashionable—doctrines, trusting, forsooth, to time and change for the success of those views which it was inexpedient at that crisis to maintain or promulgate. Yes, such is the state of modern philosophical morality! Men who pretend to love truth, admire the equanimity of those who concealed it when it was unpalatable, and disclaimed it when it was rejected.—*Sidney Smith.*

More Faithful than Favored.—Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the Earls of Litchfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with the least particular attention from his master, and was retained from his utility alone, and not from any particular regard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his faithful valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed him, up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bed room. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out: which being done, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement could not check his intended labour of love, or rather providential impulse; he returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff with a wag of his tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there. To save farther trouble, but not from any partiality for his company, the indulgence was allowed. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from his sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot! All was dark; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavored to apologise for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, all raised suspicion in Sir Harry's mind; and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated only by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interference of Providence.

How else could the poor animal know the meditated assassination? How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant services; and finally seize and detain a person, who, it is probable, had shown him more kindness than his owner had ever done. It may be impossible to reason on such a topic, but the facts are indisputable. A full length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favored," are still to be seen at the family seat at Ditchley, and are a lasting monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.

Report of the second meeting of the "Mudfog Association for the Promotion of Every Thing."

BY BOZ.

SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

FRONT PARLOR, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

President—Sir William Jollered. Vice-Presidents—Messrs. Muddlebranes and Drawley,

"Mr. X. X. Misty communicated some remarks on the disappearance of dancing bears, from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkeys as connected with barrel-organs. The writer had observed, with feelings of the utmost pain and regret, that some years ago a sudden and unaccountable change in the public taste took place with reference to itinerant bears, who, being discountenanced by the populace, gradually fell off one by one from the streets of the metropolis, until not one remained to create a taste for natural history in the breasts of the poor and uninstructed. One bear, indeed,—a brown and ragged animal,—had lingered about the haunts of former triumphs, with a worn and dejected visage and feeble limbs, and had essayed to wield his quarter-staff for the amusement of the multitude; but hunger and an utter want of any due recompense for his abilities, had at length driven him from the field, and it was only too probable that he had fallen a sacrifice to the rising taste for grease. He regretted to add that a similar, and no less lamentable change, had taken place with reference to monkeys. These delightful animals had formerly been almost as plentiful as the organs on the tops of which they were accustomed to sit; the proportion in the year 1829 (it appeared by the parliamentary return) being as one monkey to three organs. Owing, however, to an altered taste in musical instruments, and the substitution, in a great measure, of narrow boxes of music for organs, which left the monkeys nothing to sit upon, this source of public amusement was wholly dried up. Considering it a matter of the deepest importance, in connection with national education, that the people should not lose such opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the manners and customs of two most interesting species of animals, the author submitted that some measure should be immediately taken for the restoration of these pleasing and truly intellectual amusements.

"The President inquired by what means the honorable member proposed to attain this most desirable end?

"The Author submitted that it could be most fully and satisfactorily accomplished, if her Majesty's government would cause to be brought over to England, and maintained at the public amusement, such a number of bears as would enable every quarter of the town to be visited—say at least by three bears a week. No difficulty whatever need be experienced in providing a fitting place for the reception of these animals, as a commodious bear garden could be erected in the immediate neighborhood of both houses of parliament; obviously the most proper and eligible spot for such an establishment.

"Professor Mull doubted very much whether any correct ideas of natural history were propagated by the means to which the honorable member had so ably adverted. On the contrary he believed that they had been the means of diffusing very incorrect and imperfect notions on the subject. He spoke from personal observation and personal experience, when he said that many children of great abilities had been induced to believe, from what they had observed in the streets, at and before the period to which the honorable gentleman had referred, that all monkeys were born in red coats and spangles, and that their hats and feathers also came by nature. He wished to know distinctly whether the honorable gentleman attributed the want of encouragement the bears had met with to the decline of public taste in that respect, or to a want of ability on the part of the bears themselves."

"Mr. X. X. Misty replied, that he could not bring himself to believe but that there must be a great deal of floating talent among the bears and monkeys generally; which, in the absence of any proper encouragement, was dispersed in other directions.

"Professor Pumpkinskull wished to take that opportunity of calling the attention of the section to a most important and serious point. The author of the treatise just read had alluded to the prevalent taste for bears'-grease as a means of promoting the growth of hair, which undoubtedly was diffused to a very great, and (as it appeared to him) very alarming extent. No gentleman attending that section could fail to be aware of the fact that the youth of the present age evinced, by their behaviour in the streets and at all places of public resort, a considerable lack of that gallantry and gentlemanly feeling, which, in more ignorant times, had been thought becoming. He wished to know whether it were possible that a constant outward application of bears'-grease by the young gentlemen about town, had imperceptibly infused into those unhappy persons something of the nature and quality of the bear? He shuddered as he threw out the remark; but if this theory, or inquiry, should prove to be well founded, it would at once explain a great deal of unpleasant eccentricity of behaviour, which, without some such discovery, was wholly unaccountable.

"The President highly complimented the learned gentleman on his most valuable suggestion, which produced the greatest effect upon the assembly; and remarked that only a week previous he had seen some young gentleman at a theatre eyeing a box of ladies with a fierce intensity, which nothing but the influence of some brutish appetite could possibly explain. It was dreadful to reflect that our youth were so rapidly verging into a generation of bears.

"After a scene of scientific enthusiasm it was resolved that this important question should be immediately submitted to the consideration of the council.

"The president wished to know whether any gentleman could inform the section what had become of the dancing-dogs?"

"A Member replied, after some hesitation, that on the day after three glee-singers had been committed to prison as criminals by a late most zealous police-magistrate of the metropolis, the dogs had abandoned their professional duties, and dispersed themselves in different quarters of the town to gain a livelihood by less dangerous means. He was given to understand that since that period they had supported themselves by lying in wait for and robbing blind men's poodles.

"Mr. Flummery exhibited a twig, claiming, to be a veritable branch of that noble tree known to naturalists as the Shakspeare, which has taken root in every land and climate, and gathered under the shade of its broad green boughs the great family of mankind. The learned gentleman remarked, that the twig had been undoubtedly called by other names in its time; but that it had been pointed out to him by an old lady in Warwickshire, where the great tree had grown, as a shoot of the genus Shakspeare, by which means he begged to introduce it to his countrymen.

"The President wished to know what botanical definition the honorable gentleman could afford of the curiosity?

"Mr. Flummery expressed his opinion that it was a decided plant."

SECTION C.—ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.

BAR-ROOM, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

President—Dr. Soemup. Vice Presidents—Messrs. Pessell and Mortair.

"Dr. Grummidge stated to the section a most interesting case of monomania, and described the course of treatment he had pursued with perfect success. The patient was a married lady in the middle rank of life, who, having seen another lady at an evening party in a full suit of pearls, was suddenly seized with a desire to possess a similar equipment, although her husband's finances were by no means equal to the necessary outlay. Finding her wish ungratified, she fell sick, and the symptoms soon became so alarming, that he (Dr. Grummidge) was called in. At this period the prominent tokens of the disorder were sullenness, a total indisposition to perform domestic duties, great peevishness, and extreme langor, except when pearls were mentioned, at which time the pulse quickened, the eyes grew brighter, the pupils dilated, and the patient, after various incoherent exclamations, burst into a passion of tears and exclaimed that nobody cared for her, and that she wished herself dead. Finding that the patient's appetite was affected in the presence of company, he began by ordering a total abstinence from all stimulants, and forbidding any sustenance but weak gruel; he then took twenty ounces of blood, applied a blister under each ear, one upon the chest and another on the back; having done which, and administered five grains of calomel, he left the patient to her repose. The next day she was somewhat low, but decidedly better, and all appearances of irritation were removed. The next day she improved still further, and on the next again. On the fourth there was some appearance of a return of the old symptoms, which no sooner developed themselves than he administered another dose of calomel, and left strict orders that, unless a decidedly favorable change occurred within two hours, the patients head should be immediately shaved to the very last curl. From that moment she began to mend and in less than four-and-twenty hours, was perfectly restored; she did not now betray the least emotion at the sight or mention of pearls or any other ornaments. She was cheerful and good-humored, and a most beneficial change had been effected in her whole temperament and condition.

"Mr. Pipkin (M. R. C. S.) read a short but most interesting communication in which he sought to prove the complete belief of Sir William Courtenay, otherwise Thom, recently shot at Canterbury, to the Homœpathic system. The section would bear in mind that one of the Homœpathic doctrines was, that infinitesimal doses of any medicine which would occasion the disease under which the patient labored, supposing him to be in a healthy state, would cure it. Now, it was a remarkable circumstance—proved in the evidence—that the deceased Thom employed a woman to follow him about all day with a pail of water, assuring her that one drop (a purely homœpathic remedy, the section would observe,) placed upon his tongue, after death would restore him. What was the obvious inference? That Thom, who was marching and countermarching in osier beds, and other swampy places, was impressed with a presentiment that he should be drowned; in which case, had his instructions been complied with, he could not fail to have been brought to life again instantly by his own prescription. As it was, if this woman or any other person had administered an infinitesimal dose of lead and gunpowder immediately after he fell, he would have recovered forthwith. But unhappily the woman concerned did not possess the power of reasoning by analogy, or carrying out a principle, and thus the unfortunate gentleman had been sacrificed to the ignorance of the peasantry.

SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION, E.—UMBUGOLOGY & DITCHWATERISICS.

President—Mr. Grub. Vice Presidents,—Messrs. Dull and Dummy.

"A paper was read by the secretary descriptive of a bay pony with one eye, which had been seen by the author standing in a butcher's cart at the corner of Newgate market. The communication described the author of the paper as having, in the prosecution of a mercantile pursuit, betaken himself one Saturday morning last summer from Somers Town to Cheapside; in the course of which expedition he had beheld the extraordinary appearance above described.—The pony had one distinct eye, and it had been pointed out to him by his friend Captain Blunderbore, of the Horse Marines, who assisted the author in his search, that whenever he winked this eye he whisked at the same time. The animal was lean, spavined, and tottering; and the author proposed to constitute it of the family of *Fitfordogmeatunrious.* It certainly did occur to him that there was no case on record of a pony with one clearly-defined and distinct organ of vision, winking and whisking at the same moment.

"Mr. Q. J. Snuffletoffle had heard of a pony winking his eye, and likewise of a pony whisking his tail, but whether they were two ponies or the same pony, he could not undertake positively to say. At all events he was acquainted with no authenticated instance of a simultaneous winking and whisking, and he really could not doubt the existence of such a marvellous pony in opposition to all those natural laws by which ponies were governed. Referring, however, to the mere question of his one organ of vision, might he suggest the possibility of this pony having been literally half asleep, at the time he was seen, and having closed only one eye?

"The president observed, that whether the pony was half asleep or fast asleep, there could be no doubt that the association was wide awake, and therefore that they had better get the business over and go to dinner. He had certainly never seen anything analogous to this pony; but he was not prepared to doubt its existence, for he had seen many querer ponies in his time, though he did not pretend to have seen any more remarkable donkeys than the other gentlemen around him.

"Professor John Ketch was then called upon to exhibit the skull of the late Mr. Greenacre which he produced from a blue bag, remarking, on being invited to make any observations that occurred to him, 'that he'd pound it as that 'ere 'spectable section had never seed a more gamerer cove nor he vos.'

"A most animated discussion upon this interesting relic ensued, and, some difference of opinion arising respecting the real character of the deceased gentleman, Mr. Blubb delivered a lecture upon the cranium before him, clearly showing that Mr. Greenacre possessed the organ of destructiveness to a most unusual extent with a most remarkable developement of the organ of carveativeness. Sir Hookham Sawey was proceeding to combat this opinion, when Professor Ketch suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming, with great excitement of manner, "Walker!"

"The President begged leave to call the learned gentleman to order.

"Professor Ketch. 'Order be blowed! you've got the wrong 'un, I tell you. It ain't no 'ed at all; it's a coker-nut as my brother-in-law has been acarvin' to hornament his new baked 'tatur stall wots a-comin' down here vile the 'sociation 's in the town. Hand over, vill you?'

"With these words Professor Ketch hastily repossessed himself of the cocoa-nut, and drew forth the skull, in mistake for which he had exhibited it. A most interesting conversation ensued; but as there appeared some doubt ultimately whether the skull was Mr. Greenacre's or a hospital patient's, or a pauper's, or a man's, or a woman's, or a monkey's no particular result was attained."

"I cannot," says our talented correspondent in conclusion, "close my account of these gigantic researches and sublime and noble triumphs, without repeating a *bon mot* of Professor Woodensconce's which shows how the greatest minds may occasionally unbend, when truth can be presented to listening ears clothed in an attractive and playful form. I was standing by, when, after a week of feasting and feeding, that learned gentleman, accompanied by the whole body of wonderful men, entered the hall yesterday, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared; where the richest wines sparkled on the board, and fat bucks—propitiatory sacrifices to learning—sent forth their savory odors. 'Ah!' said Professor Woodensconce, rubbing his hands, 'this is what we met for; this is what inspires us; this is what keeps us together, and beckons us onward; this is the *spread* of science, and a glorious spread it is!'"

The Moralist.

The Heavenly Temple.—I find a beautiful description of the heavenly state in the statement of St. John, that he saw no temple there It tells me there is no keeping of the earthly Sabbath; for all its days alike are holiness to the Lord; and telling me this it also tells me, that if once admitted wit in the gates of pearl, and privileged to tread the streets of gold, I shall be free from every remainder of corruption; I shall no longer need external ordinances to remind me of my allegiance, and strengthen me for conflict; but that, made equal to the angels, I shall love God without wavering, and serve God without weariness. It tells me that eternity is one unbroken Sabbath; and one unbroken Sabbath it could not be to me, if I were not endowed with the noblest powers, immeasurably removed from all that hath intercourse with sin, and circled by scenery, and mingling with companions, and presenting no impress, but that which burns and breathes of Deity. It could not be that every day and every moment throughout unnumbered ages should be one of that perfect dedication to our Maker, which is faintly imagined by the holiest services of the earthly Sabbath, if it were not that I should be imperishable and spiritual, myself a temple, immortal in oneness with the Saviour. Therefore, however a human pencil, striving to delineate the heavenly Jerusalem, might have intermingled sanctuaries and palaces, and crowned the city with that diadem of towers which tells of dwelling places, reared for Him whom the universe cannot contain, there is more, far more, to me in the total want of sacred architecture, than the rich profusion of dome and steeple with which man would have created the heavenly metropolis. And though poetry, if bidden to pour its melodies on the home of the saints, might have drawn its imagery from what is most celestial on earth, and have spoken of the *courts* of the Lord's house, and the *tabernacles* crowned with the mystic insignia of a present Deity—nothing could have been so eloquent to me of the deep tranquilities and purities of heaven, and nothing could have so told me of one uniform, cloudless, blessed Sabbath, as the simple announcement of St. John," And I saw no temple there." Melville.

RELIGION.

One cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well disposed, is the garment of sadness in which the people delight to suppose her dressed, and that life of hard austerity, and pining abstinence, which they pretend she enjoins upon her disciples. And it were well, if this were only the misrepresentation of her declared enemies—but, unhappily, it is the too frequent misconception of her injudicious friends. But such an overcharged picture is not more unamiable than it is unlike—for I will venture to affirm, that religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices, not only of rational, but of pleasurable enjoyments, than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her service is not only perfect safety but perfect freedom. She is not so tyrannising as passion, so exacting as the world, nor so despotic as fashion. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as rigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices to our ease as ambition? Does devotion *murder* sleep like dissipation? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Does she annihilate fortune like gambling? embitter life like discord? or shorten it by duelling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion, or half as many mortifications as vanity! Vice has her martyrs, and the most austere and self-denying Ascetic (who mistakes the genius of Christianity, almost as much as her enemies) never tormented himself with such cruel and causeless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Worldly honor obliges us to be to the trouble of resenting injuries, but religion spares us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them; and by this injunction consults our happiness no less than our virtue, for the torment of constantly hating any one must at least be equal to the sin of it. If this estimate be fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure.—*Christian Register.*

The decline of Life.—There is an eventide in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder readers, to mark the instruction which it brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation; it summons you in these hours when the leaves of the fall and the winter are gathering, to the evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures, and those still waters, where there is an eternal Spring for the children of God.

The Ladies' Department.

From Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

One of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. * * * This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression of the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye * * * * Converse with men of every rank, with that dignified modesty which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors. Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess; it must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humor is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge in it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Beware of detraction, especially when your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice—but, I think, unjustly. Men are fully as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason be particularly careful of the reputation of your own sex, in all cases where ours is concerned. Show a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who have become so by the villainy of men. Indulge a secret pleasure in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of showing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All *double entendre* is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when it comes from your lips, or when you hear it without pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of so delicate a nature, that it cannot bear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man but a brute, or fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with becoming spirit. There is dignity, a conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most abandoned and shameless of men. You will be reproached, perhaps, with *prudery.* By prudery is generally meant an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to *affect* delicacy, but wish you to possess it. At any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting. The men will complain of your reserve; they will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge that on some occasions it might make you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women; an important distinction, of which many of your sex seem not to be aware. After all, I wish you to cultivate great ease and openness, the frankness of conscious innocence in your conversation. I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Dog and Goose.—A Canadian goose, kept at East-Barnet in Herfordshire, a few years ago, was observed to attach itself in the strongest manner to the house-dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel except in rainy weather; whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person, she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning they were turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard-gate, but sit there the whole day in sight of the dog. At length orders were given that she should no longer be molested; being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and what was particularly remarkable, whenever the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose toward the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated in his having saved her from a fox, in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not a pan of corn been set every day close to the kennel. At this time, the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's, or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel; and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and color resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

A Hint to Farmers. It is a glory to a man to honor his occupation. If it be a lawful one, and well followed, it should be his pride to avow and defend it—such an one is that of the farmer. He is lord of the land, and on it he should walk erect, conscious of his own dignity. Clad in homespun with sunbrowned complexion, and toil-hardened hands, he need not feel diminutive in the presence of any one, nor envy the white glove and the broadcloth, nor once desire to exchange the farm whip for the walking stick. These symbols of inutility he might have if he chose, but they would only hide what should be his greatest glory, the sign of his occupation, his industry, his usefulness. We would by no means recommend to the unassuming class of which we are speaking, a haughty address in their intercourse with society, but we would recommend to them a significant contempt of such an address whenever met with by them. These are certainly rather trifling matters, considering to whom they are adresssed, but they are just as important as what engrosses the attention at least of one half of the world.

We would also here suggest, that every thing almost is carried by a social influence, that great advantages are derived from it, and the propriety of farmers, as a class availing themselves of this influence equally with other classes. Let Agricultural Societies be general, and their meeting frequent and matters of interest, as they surely are to every farmer. Let Agricultural Journals be patronised as well for their tendency to maintain the farmers' just rights, and elevate in public estimation this down trodden class, as for the valuable information they contain.

The present is an era of publication, of books, newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, tracts, reviews, &c. on all subjects which the mind of man can investigate—it is an intellectual era in which the power of mind works miracles upon the objects of her research—and shall not the farmer step in for his share of influence and benefit, amidst all this wonder-working machinery? Shall he be jostled from his proper position on this great arena, by those that are more assuming, but less worthy and useful? Surely he will be, unless he stand up and defend his rights, unless he stretch out his muscular arm, and consign the hosts of nervous aspirants that have supplanted him *down* to their proper position—No! let him rather rise above them. When the farmer shall do this; when he shall claim for his occupation the first place in our schools, academies and colleges; when he shall as a class unite the power of an active mind with that of a vigorous body—then will he rise to his proper rank in society, and not till then. *Cheshire Farmer.*

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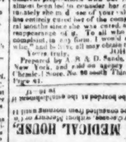

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